

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.  
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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INvariably IN ADVANCE.

### A Real Romance.

Many years ago there suddenly appeared in Morehead City, N. C., a prepossessing young woman calling herself Mary Burt. She obtained work and soon became a favorite with her acquaintances. Fifteen years after, when all the circumstances concerning her first appearance had been forgotten, she received an offer of marriage from one of the well-to-do residents of the place.

She refused, however, and immediately after her whole manner changed. She became moody and seemed fond of solitude. She finally purchased a plot of land in the mountains, built a log cabin and lived there alone. The only book she had was the Bible, which she knew almost by heart. This story of her life was published recently in the Asheville Citizen.

The article was copied by a Vermont paper, and attracted the notice of Robert Fletcher, a prominent citizen of that State. Fletcher soon after visited Asheville, sought the editor of the Citizen, and, together, they went to Miss Burt's house. The hermit did not recognize the Vermonters, but she soon learned that he was her old lover. A mistake had kept them apart for half a century, but, when Fletcher left Asheville a few days later, Mary Burt Howe, for that was the hermit's full name, accompanied him as his wife.

When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young they were engaged to be married. The young woman fancied her lover was attached to another girl, however, and suddenly left her home in Maine. Going to Boston she shipped as stewardess on a ship bound for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked on the North Carolina coast, and, after many adventures at sea in an open boat and among friendly Indians on land, Miss Howe found her way to civilization. Robert Fletcher traced his runaway sweetheart to the ship on which she sailed, and, hearing of the loss of the vessel, always mourned her as dead till the North Carolina paper gave him a happy surprise.

### About Daniel.

A teacher, last Sunday, was telling a class of boys the story of Daniel in the lions' den, when a treckled boy, with a scar on his face and one suspender, pushed a good-sized quid of fine cut against the roof of his mouth and remarked:

"How much did he get for it?"

"He received no compensation," remarked the teacher, in tones which made clear her great horror.

"A free sho?" inquired the boy, excitedly.

"It was no show at all," replied the teacher, who thought he was skeptical, and continued: "don't you believe Daniel went among the lions without being hurt?"

"Yes," said the boy; "for I saw that snap worked at a circus last week, but it was no free graft; the man gets seventy-five a week and expenses."

When the Christmas presents were dealt out this year that boy did not apprehend the cream cake by a very large majority.—[Puck.]

### Cold Storage.

The increasing use of cold storage for perishable food stuffs, which are apt to be scarce at certain seasons, is one of the characteristics of the time. Last summer, when fresh eggs were plentiful and cheap, a gentleman in Chenango county, N. Y., stored in a mammoth cooler some 5,000 barrels of eggs. Now they sell in the city as "fresh laid" eggs, at a large profit. As the eggs are removed the cooler is filled up with ducks and other fowl to be sold next spring.—[Scientific American.]

### A Bishop Denounces Dancing.

In a recent sermon, Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the South, denounced dancing as the silliest and most nonsensical amusement that rational beings, so called, ever engaged in. He said that it had its origin in heathenism, being a pastime of savages; appealing to the lower instincts of humanity, and being the chosen sport of the vilest and most imbruted of the human race.

The Boston Journal of Commerce publishes a lot of dyeing recipes; but none of them beat the old way of fooling with an empty shotgun.

### How Vaccine Virus is Obtained.

A correspondent at Columbus, O., contributes the following: The Doctor took a razor and began to shave the hair from the cow's udder. This being accomplished in a few minutes, he next produced a sharp-pointed instrument and made about three dozen incisions upon the bare surface of the udder or bag which holds the milk. This being done, the parts were thoroughly sponged dry, after which he took from a glass tube a small amount of queer-looking stuff and applied to each incision made, by the aid of a tiny piece of ivory, pointed at one end. This completed the job. It did not take long, and in a short time the cow was loosened from her cords, the pulleys were adjusted and the animal was placed upright, or in her original position, as easily as she had been pinioned. By and by she was driven into a stall, and her head fastened in such a way that she could not get a chance to apply her tongue to the part operated upon when the itching began.

"How long will it be, Doctor, before it will 'take'?"

"About seven days. At the end of that time we can get enough pure, healthy virus to vaccinate thousands of persons."

"It is what is known as Beaugency virus, from the fact that near the town of Beaugency, France, this matter is 'raised' under the supervision of the French Government, and is imported into this country. The 'seed' which I am using was obtained from Dr. Martin, of Boston Highlands, who got it direct from Beaugency."

"What do you do after the seven days have elapsed?"

"The cow is again trussed up, and then we dip these little ivory points into the matter, a clear watery fluid which exudes from the sore, and after drying them thoroughly, apply the virus to people who come to be vaccinated to escape smallpox."

### Testing a New Magazine Gun.

The duplex field magazine gun was tried at Governor's Island the other day, in the presence of General Hancock and a number of prominent officers and citizens.

The gun consists of two breech-loading rifle barrels placed side by side in a brass case filled with water to keep them cool. The gun is operated by two men, one to feed and the other to discharge the cartridges, which is done by turning a crank. During the test 200 ordinary United States cartridges, 45 caliber, were fired in 25 seconds. Then 100 were fired in 11½ seconds, and at the third fire the barrels were emptied of 500 cartridges in 68 seconds. The gun rotates on a swivel, and can be raised or depressed at any angle.

WHAT WE INTEND TO DO.—Wm. R. Balch, the Boston newspaper man and detective, and for a short time editor of the Philadelphia Press, recently heard a lady say: "I wish somebody would invent a hairpin that would stay in one's hair." And Mr. Balch, being of an accommodating turn, went to work and invented such a contrivance. It is getting so now that a man can't be a successful editor unless he can turn his hand to almost anything. Some day when we get time, we shall invent a pin that won't wound a young man's hand when he puts his arm around a girl's waist to prevent her from falling out of a buggy or off a chair.—[Norristown Herald.]

General Sherman, when asked in Chicago the other day whether he believed the Atlanta Exposition would help to reconcile the South with "other sections," answered, as reported by the Inter-Ocean: "It doesn't make any difference whether they are reconciled or not. The Almighty will take care of the country. I suppose, and He will see to that. If the people of the South are not reconciled, I don't see that it can trouble anybody except themselves. They will have to obey the laws of the country just like the rest of us, and I don't understand that their likes or dislikes are regarded in the matter."

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.—"What shall I get you to remind you of me while I am away," asked a fashionable Austin young gentleman of his intended.

"Do you want to get me something that will always make me think of you, when I look at it?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then buy me a monkey to play with."—[Texas Siftings.]

### Not Enough Books to Go Around.

There is trouble in Harvard College on account of the admission of girl students, an innovation that was recently made. It appears that the College has a large library, provided with "authorities" and sofa seats, where the students go to refresh their memories upon certain points in their studies, and the compliment is the girls will get down some work, of which there is only one copy in the library, and when a young man comes in and desires the same book he is obliged to wait until the girl gets through with it, or else sit down and look it over with her.

On a recent occasion a venerable professor entered the library and was surprised to see no less than six girls with books that young men were desirous of perusing, so desirous, in fact, that the two were seated together, eagerly scanning the pages, when the professor entered.

The sight fairly caused the glass in his spectacles to bulge out, and it would be a mild expression to say he was shocked. He at once inquired the cause of the extraordinary desire for information that had suddenly sprung up, and the young men, after stanching the flow of blood from wounds on their hands, where they had raked them on pins a few moments before, told him plainly that there must be duplicate copies of the books provided, so that the girls could have one and the young men the other. He said he would attend to it the first thing in the morning, and then the old Puritan smiled, as though he had said something cunning.

Then he glared around the room at the girls, who, poor things, were sitting with their noses close down to the pages of their books, and studying as though their hearts would break. Then he coughed a couple of times, vaguely, and had the decency to go out.

An Ohio paper says a young lady who graduated in a calico dress a few years ago is now married to a railroad superintendent who has an income of \$500,000 a year. This may be taken as the basis for the regulation of graduation dresses hereafter. Had she worn alpaca she might have done even better, and caught the general manager of the road. On the other hand, had she blossomed forth in white swiss, she might have captured the president of the concern, with untold millions; had she worn silk, with point lace and diamonds, she might have scooped in the conductor of a passenger train, and had onyx staircases and alabaster walls to her house, and cut the wives of officers on the road as society altogether too thin for her style. This thing ought to be a lesson to girl graduates, and a warning to them to patronize their tailors liberally.

There should be a law passed prohibiting boys from bringing into a house where there are young old maids these imitation mice with strings tied to their noses. In a York street house a few days ago a small boy pulled one of the things out from the side of the wall in front of his sister, who wasn't more than thirty years old, and she fainted right in front of a young man who had come to tune her piano. He caught her right in his arms, and it was a long while before she restored herself to consciousness, there being no other grown person in the room, and she hadn't had a hug for years before then.—[Kentucky State Journal.]

The cost of the Exposition was \$250,000, of which \$150,000 in round figures was put in buildings and improvements, and the balance paid out for running expenses, printing, etc. The receipts were from \$220,000 to \$250,000, of which \$115,000 came from stock, \$15,000 from privileges, \$15,000 from entry fees, \$90,000 from gate receipts and \$5,000 from miscellaneous resources. Add to these receipts whatever the buildings will bring, and we will have about the total receipts of the International Cotton Exposition.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

They have a story in Ohio of a man who had read much in the papers of the sufferings of the poor mule from the brutality of his master and had been moved to deep pity. One day it happened to him to hear a mule bray. He listened to the unmelodious chant with astonishment not entirely unmixed with disgust, and when the mule closed a prolonged blast, the Ohio man said to him:—"I don't pity your sufferings nearly as much as I did, now that I have heard you state your grievance."

### Gold and Silver in 1881.

In his annual report just issued the Director of the U. S. Mint estimates the world's production of gold for the calendar year 1880 at \$107,000,000, and of silver at \$87,500,000. The consumption of the world in ornamentation, manufactures and the arts is estimated at \$75,000,000 of gold and \$35,000,000 of silver. The estimated circulation of the principal countries of the world is estimated at: Gold, \$5,221,000,000; full legal tender silver, \$2,115,000,000; limited tender, \$423,000,000—total specie, \$5,759,000,000; paper, \$3,644,000,000, making the total circulation, including the amount held in Government treasuries, banks, and in active circulation, \$9,403,000,000.

The production of gold and silver in the United States during the past fiscal year is put down as—gold, \$36,500,000, and of silver, at its coinage value, \$42,100,000—a total of \$78,600,000. Manufacturers of jewelry and other articles and materials at gold and silver reported a consumption of over \$10,000,000 in gold, and nearly \$3,500,000 in silver. The Assay Office at New York delivered to the manufacturers, during the year, \$5,700,000 of gold in bars, and \$5,100,000 in silver. Taken together, they appear to indicate a consumption of at least \$11,000,000 in gold and \$6,000,000 in silver. The Director estimates that the special circulation in the United States at the close of the fiscal year amounted to \$440,000,000 in gold and \$171,500,000 in silver.

On the first of November, 1881, the amount of specie, including bullion, in the mints and assay offices, available for and awaiting coinage, was \$563,000,000 of gold and \$186,000,000 of silver—a total of \$749,000,000.

The Montreal Star says that girls who want husbands should take this piece of advice. Do not be too fond of promenading the business streets at all hours of the day. That is, do not make a regular thing of it. Do not go about so that people will know for certain that they will be "down town" when you have no business, and do not let the impression go abroad that you go on the beat as regularly as clockwork. It does not look well. It appears as if you preferred to be on the hunt, rather than improving your mind, or darn your stockings. It looks as if being gazed at was your highest ambition, and seeing men stare at you more in harmony with your tastes than making your home happy, and your surroundings cosy and comfortable.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—"Merry Christmas, mother!" cheerfully exclaimed little Charlie Miggs, as he bounded into his parent's presence, with a face beaming like a new brass kettle. "O, don't merry Christmas me!" growled the old lady; "yesterday afternoon there were six mice pies upon the top shelf in the pantry. This morning there are only five. 'Now, where is that other pie?' 'Mother,' solemnly answered the boy, 'as true as I live, I don't know, but brother Bill has been rolling round in bed all night, sick enough to die.'—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

PATENT DIGESTION.—The reason that buttermilk is so very healthy is said to be because it is half digested in churning. Hash ought likewise to be healthy, because it is half chewed in the chopping. We will yet have machines to both chew and digest our food, so that dyspeptic stomachs will have nothing to do. We are introducing the food into body at all stages of its assimilation, and it looks as if teeth, tongue, mouth, stomach and most of the intestines would be superseded, like old-fashioned machinery.—[Chicago News.]

One afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect who was standing near the entrance, and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! no," was the sepulchral answer; "it's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your looks that you might be a hired mourner." "No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law of the bride's mother."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Cattle undergoing a fattening process, as well as those kept for the production of milk, should enjoy the greatest possible amount of rest. All violent exercise must be guarded against, as it greatly increases the decomposition of fat.

### OUR NEW YEAR'S TAFFY.

Given by the State Press.  
THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, is now published as a semi-weekly, and is as bright and new as ever. Mr. Walton is full of energy and we congratulate him upon the success that attends his efforts.—[Lebanon Standard.]

The Stanford Interior Journal has been changed from a weekly to a semi-weekly. It is one of the very best papers in Kentucky, edited and published by men of brains, push and energy. May the semi-weekly soon grow into a daily.—[Madisonville Times.]

### The Electric Telegraph.

"Who was the inventor of the electric telegraph?" asks the approved school book. "Morse," glibly replies the boy. Yet the boy and his book are wrong. Morse invented the characters now in use, and nothing more than this. The inventor was Dr. Wheatstone, but his original invention did not apply to long distances. Prof. Henry improved on Wheatstone, and we are indebted to these two for the telegraphy of to-day.

FROM A SMALL BEGINNING.—Almost thirty years ago two youths at Granville Corners, Mass., made a drum in a farmer's kitchen, using a board found in the barn, steaming it with a tea kettle, and taking hogs' bladders for the heads. They next week made a dozen drums for sale. Since then they have made about 80,000 drums, and now employ seventy-four hands.

"Ah, dearest," sighed the young man at the feet of his ownest own, "dost thou know what of all outward things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can't say," she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should think it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.—[Steubenville Herald.]

The sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface himself when in danger by squeezing the water out of his body and forcing himself into a narrow crack—so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye. He can throw out nearly the whole of his inside, and yet live and grow it again.

A New York young man has presented his in-to-be bride with an utterly utter girdle. It is a snake of pliable gold, enameled in green, and having emerald eyes. Two curled needles in the snake's mouth represent fangs. The needles were put there by request, and the young man is suspected of a sinister design.

"Why do we commence dinner with soup?" asks a medical journal. Because the landlady sends it the first thing, and there's no show for the meats until the soup is gone. That's the explanation of the mystery at our house; we don't know how you're fixed.

Grass grown on manured land gives a more nutritive fodder, richer, especially in albuminoids, than that grown on unmanured or poorly manured land. The difference is sometimes as great as ten per cent.

Long wearing of high-heeled boots will reduce a handsome calf to shrunk proportions. We mean, of course the calf of a human leg, and the remark applies to both sexes.

The Emperor William and the King of Saxony went out hunting together the other day, the former killing thirty-nine deer and wild boars, and the latter thirty-five.

No matter how religious you may be, thirty minutes with a jumping toothache will cause you to use language which shows that there is plenty of room for improvement.

Samson was a strong man, undoubtedly, but he was a mere boy to the auctioneer who, at the sale of a menagerie the other day, "knocked down" an elephant.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.

GUILTY OF WRONG.—Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—[Tribune.]

## FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

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